

Halo: Combat Evolved

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Summary: MY novelization of Halo 1. Will be followed by 2 and 3 and more?. Will obviously have some twists to the original story. Not necessarily with characters, but more with... well... stuff. . Contains ChiefCortana romance. Rated for language, and 'stuff'

Halo: Combat Evolved

**\*\*Halo: Combat Evolved\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 1: The Pillar of Autumn\*\***

Reveille

The darkness surrounded him. "Alright, defrost him," he heard. Everything was suddenly light. As his eyes shot open, the new light filled his eyes, and he was blinded with light for a few moments. His eyes quickly regained their composure.

"Welcome back Master Chief," said the marine in front of his Cryo Tube, "we just have to run a few diagnostic checks, and then we'll have you up and running. Right now, I need to get a reading on your battle suit's self-diagnostics. Can you please look around, just to make sure your suit is operational, and functioning?"

The man in the tube, John 117, more commonly known as Master Chief Petty Officer John, or simply Master Chief, was in the Cryogenics Chamber of the Pillar of Autumn. He moved his head around, as directed; looking around the room he was in. Where was Cortana, the AI that had chosen him at Reach? Where were his fellow SPARTAN II comrades?

Suddenly, she came rushing back to him. The only SPARTAN close to him was Linda, and she couldn't be awoken thanks to the injuries she'd sustained. He yawned within his suit, and crawled out of his tube.

Turning to face the Marine, he awaited some words. "Okay," he said, "I assume you're already familiar with the targeting and shield's system. If you lose your shields, get cover quick. I gave you a double dose of the wakeup stiff, so it may take awhile to regain your full motor skills." The Marine then turned to his companion in the room above us. "Alright, man, hurry up and get to your squad," he said loudly. "Okay," replied the man, "all I have to do is..."

At that moment, a great pounding arose, and his door was blown open. Blue plasma rocketed across the room, burning and searing into the man's flesh, and killing him quickly. "God dammit, we need to get the hell outta here!" said the Marine, running off.

John followed quickly, exiting the room, and taking a right. They ran down the hall. Suddenly, John stopped. Something was wrong, he had heard something. However, the Marine kept running. He opened the door before him, and, as he did, an explosion erupted from the room, spitting fire and hell out of the crack in the door. The Marine was dead instantly.

John, thinking on his feet, leapt over two pipes, and quickly ran down the hallway to his right. At the end of the hallway, he found a partially opened blast door. He crouched, and made his way under the door. As he stepped out, something impacted his shields. He quickly shot for cover, and ran through an open door across the hall.

This hallway was completely dark, except for red alarm lights. As he opened the door before him, a surprise waited for him on the other end. An Elite stood before him. With a loud battle cry, it began to charge. As suddenly as it happened, Assault Rifle fire forced it backwards, and the door it fell behind was sealed off.

"Chief!" shouted one of the Marines, "Cortana needs you on the bridge, double time." With a nod, John moved quickly. The bridge wasn't far from his position. Quickly avoiding enemies, and weaving around soldiers, it took him almost no time to reach the bridge.

Upon arrival, he rushed to the front of the room. Stopping behind an aged man, John quickly regained his calm composure. "Captain Keyes," he said simply, addressing the old man. The man turned around, his face serious, and hardened by war. "Ah, Master Chief," he said, "it's good to see you. Cortana's been doing her best, but we're simply outnumbered."

Suddenly, a familiar figure phased into view on the ship's panel. "Well it's one ship against a Covenant Armada. I'm content with three," she said happily, "so, John, did you sleep well?" "No thanks to your driving, yes," he joked.

Cortana then turned her attention to Keyes. "I'm initiating Cold Protocol Article Four," stated Keyes simply, "everyone abandons the Autumn. That includes you Cortana, you know the drill. We can't risk the capture of Shipboard AI. If we do, then we risk everything. Intel, weapons research. Earth."

Cortana nodded. "Yes sir, but don't try anything too bold. I suggest you let the ship do most of the landing. With all due respect, sir, this war has enough dead heroes," she said.

Now, Keyes turned to John. "And that's where you come in, Chief," he informed, "Get Cortana off this ship. Keep her out of the Covenant's hands. Keep her safe. I can give you my pistol." He promptly reached into his pocket, and extracted a pistol. "I don't keep it loaded, so you'll have to find ammo as you go," stated Keyes, "Cortana, are you ready?" Cortana sighed, looking around. "Yank me," she said simply. With that, John pulled Cortana from the panel, and inserted her interface chip into the slot in the back of his helmet. "Hmmmâ€¦| you're infrastructure isn't that much different from the Autumn'sâ€¦|" she muttered playfully. "Don't get any funny ideas," replied John. As John turns around, Keyes interjects one last time. "Good luck, Master chief," he says.

## AI Constructs and Cyborgs First!

Loading his newfound pistol, John turns, and walks from the room. Just as he steps from the hallway leading to the bridge, he finds his first enemies.

Three grunts stand before him. Quickly pegging their heads, he hears gunfire in the Mess Hall.

He runs into the doorway to the mess hall, and grabs an Assault Rifle. "Those Marines could use some help, Chief, do what you do best. Not thinking, John quickly begins firing at an Elite attacking a group of Marines. It quickly turns around, and snaps a Marine's neck. Noticing John, it gives a loud roar of approval, and fires several rounds of plasma at the Chief. As John ducks behind cover, Cortana begins to speak. "Keep your head down, John, there's two of us in here now, remember???" she reminds him urgently. Taking a moment to reload his gun, John steps from behind his cover and charges at the Elite, suppressing it and taking down it's shields with assault rifle fire. Reaching the blue clad Covenant, John quickly, and promptly, bashes it in the face with his assault rifle. The impact of the gun snaps it's skull, and sends it reeling backwards against a wall, writhing in pain, and slowly dying.

The Marines then step out from behind the doorway, and make their way, along with John, into the middle of the mess hall. While they focus on the Grunts, John commits himself to another Elite, switching to the pistol, and shooting at it from afar. The first three shots to it's head take down the shield's, and the final shot kills it, the bullet taking it's mark just between the eyes. "A while to regain motor skills my ass," says John quietly, so that only he and Cortana can hear. "Bit confident?" she says to him, using his private speakers within his helmet.

Cautiously, John crouches and makes his way to the next room through a door to his left. He sneaks up on a ground cowering behind a barrier, breaking it's skull with the end of his pistol. "This one had a plasma grenade," informs Cortana, "wait until the right moment, and then stick it."

However, John already has his moment. He stands up, and quickly sticks an Elite on the other side of the barrier. Ducking behind the cover, he hears a loud roar, and a high pitched scream of terror. "Boss, it's, and, we, NO!!!" a Grunt screams out as it's leader explodes into incandescent light next to him. The explosion takes both of them out. Jumping from behind his cover, John quickly pegs a

Grunt down the hall to his left, and grabs some ammo before moving down the hallways.

John quickly finds himself behind an Elite being shot at by Marines. Charging up on it, he quickly attaches his pistol to the magnetic plate on his leg, and pulls his assault rifle from the magnetic plate on his back. With the end of his gun, he bashes the Covenant's back, and snaps it's spinal chord through it's armor. This death is not instant, but painful.

As John approached the Marines, there was a loud bang, and the entire ship seems to shake. "What the hell?" questions a Marine, "Did something just hit us?" His Latino friend quickly answers. "It doesn't matter. Move it, back to the airlock!" he orders frantically. Following the Marine's, John rounds the corner just in time to see two Marines standing by a lifeboat. "Hey, look, the Cavalry has arrived!" said one excitedly. As he moves to join John, the airlock suddenly explodes, and Covenant come pouring out of the hole left in the wall.

As John dove behind cover, Keyes came over the loudspeaker. "Combat teams on decks five through nine, fall back to secondary defensive positions."

John stepped out from his cover, and fired his assault rifle into their ranks. He strafed back and forth as he fired, dodging whatever fire he could. His clip emptied, John, quickly exchanged his rifle for his pistol, capping off whatever enemies were left. While John was taking time to reload both of his weapons, Cortana spoke. "They're using our lifeboat airlocks to attach their boarding craft. We go out and they come inâ€¦ clever bastards," she stated.

Following the only hallway there was, he crawled under a blast door, and found himself in another room. In front of him, he saw some ship personnel rush into the room, followed by three Elites and several Grunts. From his distanced position, he timed his fire with theirs, taking out all of the grunts before they could tell what had happened. He then snuck around the hallway to the right, and jumped the remaining Elites, killing one with a bash to the head, and the others with pistol fire. As he did, he heard Keyes over the loudspeaker once more. "Ops personal on decks nine through twelve," he ordered, "report to evac stations now."

He didn't have time to stop and pay respects to the fallen crew members. He ran down the next hallway, and came out in a two storied circular room. "Covenant, on the landing above us!" warned Cortana. Glancing upwards, John pegged three grunts, and then ducked below the stairs to avoid counter fire. He reloaded his weapon, and then came out from his hiding place, charging up the stairs with his pistol singing a rhythmic tone. It was a tone that spelled out death for any who heard it.

"You really are crazy," joked Cortana as John continued into the next room, "and incredibly lucky, of course. You only sustained minimal wounds from that gunfight, because they were too busy focusing on the Marines. You're reckless, Johnâ€¦ but if it keeps you aliveâ€¦ justâ€¦ don't die on meâ€¦ um, I mean, us, okay?" John nodded silently. The adrenaline was rushing. That was what caused him to leap so blindly into the crowds of enemies. It wasn't fearlessness;

he felt fear all the time. It was simply the will to push through that fear, and use basic instinct to stay alive.

Continuing on through another wave of enemies, John began to make his way down the hallways leading to another set of lifeboat airlocks. As he did, the resilient voice of Keyes called out through the speakers, "All hands. This is the Captain. Prepare to abandon ship. Combat teams, repel boarders until Ops personnel are away. Good luck. Keyes out."

John stopped, and looked out the windows. The lifepods were powering up. "The lifepods are launching, let's hurry," said Cortana. John, however, stayed firmly planted at the window. The three lifepods launched, and were immediately destroyed by Covenant fire. "They're destroying the lifepodsâ€¦ they really don't want us on that ring," muttered Cortana.

As John stepped past where the lifepods had launched from, he quickly took out three Grunts from a distance with his pistol. Suddenly, the blast doors behind him started to close. "Warning... blast doors closing! We have to use the ship's maintenance access ways. Follow the navpoint, it will lead you to an opening," informed Cortana. He followed the red dot on his HUD, and came to a series of mazelike, dimly lit hallways. Turning on his flashlight, he began to move forward as Keyes started talking again. "Combat teams Alpha through November, pull out to nearest evac station."

As he moved through, his motion tracker suddenly lit up with red dots. "Lots of Covenant movement outside these doors, let's find an alternate exit," she said. Turning to his right, John continued through the dark passageways, and eventually found an exit with no enemies on the other side. However, it was severely damaged. John thought for a moment, trying to decide his course of action. He bashed open the door, and then continued down the hallway.

Using his newfound tactical position, he ambushed the Covenant. First, John took out the Elites, then he moved on to the weaklings. Because of his position, he took minimal damage, losing only a quarter of his shields, despite being severely outnumbered.

Pushing on, John found himself in the control room above the Cryo chamber. Looking out over the chamber, he saw a horrific scene. A completely nude Linda lay facedown on the floor, with severe plasma scoring all over her body, most of which was fresh. Her tears mingled with her blood on the ground. Despite all her training as a SPARTAN, she was now helpless, and humiliated, waiting for death. In this moment, the ever-vigilant Keyes came over the loudspeaker again. "Combat teams Sierra through Victor, prepare for evac."

John watched in grief as the Elites taunted him by kicking her and stomping on her. However, in their arrogance, they failed to notice the Marines sneaking up on them. Effectively dispatched, one of the Marine's managed to get Linda into something to cover herself, and hoist her onto his back. "Don't worry, Chief!" he called out, "we'll get her to a lifepod!"

Reassured, John set out again. As he started another firefight down the hallway, Keyes came over the loudspeaker again. "All combat personnel," he ordered, "fall back to tertiary defensive positions."

As John gunned down an Elite, he stayed in the doorway. Suddenly, he felt plasma blast open his shields, and, backing up just as he finished off the Elite, several bolts of green plasma slammed into his armor, burning partway into his flesh. "Chief!" shouted a shocked Cortana, "I'll start medical attention right away. As far as the armor goes, it's self-reproducing. It can fix itself."

With a whir, his shields came back online, and he stepped out to kill the Grunts that he shot him. However, he didn't get the time. As soon as he stepped out, something behind the Grunts exploded, and they all caught fire, quickly dying.

John quickly began to make his way through another set of maintenance access ways. On the other side, he quickly found himself within another firefight. As soon as it ended, Cortana spoke up. "There's lifepods close to here, quickly, we need to hurry!" she urged. Making his way through side hallways, he found little resistance in getting to the pods. There, he found some spare grenades, and lobbed them into their ranks from behind cover.

As he hopped over the barricade, a Marine dove for the pod. He didn't make it, lying there quivering. "Oh no! oh no!" he shouted out in fear. From behind him, John grabbed him, and tossed him into the pod. "Now would be a very good time to leave," Cortana said frantically as John got into the pod, shutting the doors behind him. Turning to face the pilot, John simply says, "Punch it." "Aye aye, sir" replies the pilot, "launching bumblebee." Flipping her helmet visor down, the pilot activated the launch, and the lifepod rocketed from it's airlock. "We're disengaged, going for minimum safe distance," informs the pilot.

Still cowering, the Marine from before spoke up, "We're gonna make it, aren't we, Sir? I don't wanna die out here!" he said. John put a hand on his shoulder, and then stepped to the front of the pod. A gigantic ring began to swing into view. "What is that thing Lieutenant?" questioned a Marine. "Hell if I know," replied the pilot, "but we're landing on it."

Panicking, another Marine called out, "The Autumn, she's been hit!" Cortana, with a tone that showed little surprise, responded, "I knew it! The Autumn's accelerating. Keyes is going in manually."

"Heads up everyone," warns the pilot, "we're entering the ring's atmosphere in five!" Cortana, worried, asked, "Wouldn't you rather take a seat?" John just shook his head. "We'll be fine," he assured her. "If I still had fingers, they'd be crossed!"

End  
file.